

APART.

The whistling wind is full of signs,
Day we, as its weary length, dear heart,
The light drifts from the summer skies
We are apart.
O friend of mine! to you a greeting,
Cross endless miles, that 'twixt us roll;
How distant seems the land now keeping
My heart's best soul!
I pass our old accustomed haunts,
Consumed with memories as I go,
Throughout the day your absence haunts
Me like a foe.
But far away, if yet I hold
Possession of your strong, true heart,
Life's joys for me will still unfold,
Each hour impart.
A dearer meaning than the last,
"Till days of separation end,
And weary waitings over past,
O loyal friend!
Entreat the lagging hours that waste,
The languid summer quick depart,
Bid time put on swift wings of haste;
We are apart.
—Marcia Davies, in Boston Budget.

The Courtship of Bubbles

Tale of One Devoted to His Profession

MY FRIEND, Bobby Bubbles, the reporter for the Daily Steam Whistle, had never had anything to say in praise of poets. He, a practical newspaper man, who sees things as they are, and then simply photographs with his pen, so to speak, has no use for poetical coloring.

But since the affair with Dora Potter he absolutely hates poets. For the poet Crane is to blame for the whole misfortune, according to Bubbles' view.

It began in a most harmless way, just like the Chicago fire and other disasters. On one of those moist, sticky, summer days Bubbles was sitting in the restaurant of Mayer & Mayer devouring his luncheon. I purposely do not say he ate his lunch. He did not eat, but devoured, because he was always afraid that something might be happening somewhere without his knowing it.

"Ah, Bubbles, how are you?" said a voice suddenly. "Will you allow me?" and Crane, the poet, seated himself without more ado at the same table. He had just received ten dollars for a poem, and thought he would celebrate. "You are in bad spirits, my dear Bubbles."

"Heavens, yes. The change of weather, and nothing doing, nothing at all!" "Why don't you go into the country, old fellow? Take a two weeks' vacation and come with me. I am going to Mamaronegg, in the Schanzung mountains. Oh, you ought to see it!"

And between the chicken and the stewed pears he pictured the delights of Mamaronegg as only a poet could. Bubbles could really hear the trees rustling and the birds singing, and he smelled the spicy mountain air.

"I guess you are right," said Bubbles, as he stirred his coffee and collected his strength. "Well, I will get leave of absence and go with you. We can drive together, row, fish, only don't ask me to write poetry. I draw the line at that."

The business manager of the Daily Steam Whistle granted Bubbles the desired vacation with pleasure. Two days after, the poet and the reporter were in Mamaronegg sitting in a little snow-white hotel with green window blinds and a red roof. There were only a few people in the hotel, among them a young lady, Dora Potter, a small but spirited widow of some 20 summers, who was always smiling and working on a silk necktie for some unmarried gentleman. That was her delight.

When Crane and Bubbles had registered their names in the front room, the ardent Dora appeared and looked to see what their names were, where they came from, and what they were. She suspected she might put both young men on the necktie list.

"Literary men!" she murmured, delighted. "Charming!" She had a weakness for such people.

They appeared hugely interesting to her, for they wrote of love. And was that indeed Bubbles, of the Daily Steam Whistle, the famous Bubbles, who had accomplished unheard-of journalistic feats? Who had been a hansom driver for two weeks in order to describe his experiences with his patrons? Who asked the Vanderbilts for a sleeping room and breakfast, whereupon they put him in the lunatic asylum, the life and work of which he described? Who served Paderewski in the hotel as a waiter, and published a most witty account of it? Yes, it was he. This little man with the red hair and the freckles was the great Bubbles.

From now on she had only one desire, to know the man and to make him a silk necktie. The opportunity to become acquainted offered itself the next morning when he went out to the veranda.

The next day he invited her with Crane to take a walk, and on the third day she began a necktie for him. Crane was quite enthusiastic about Dora. While she was making the tie for Bubbles, Crane was composing a poem about her in which he extolled her as Venus of the necktie.

"Bubbles," said he, as they were walking through the quiet village one evening. "Bubbles, go ahead! The deuce! such a fine woman, and money, too; \$5,000 a year income to live on! She told me that in strictest confidence."

"Folly!" replied Bubbles. "I marry!" but he smiled as he said it.

Bubbles went ahead on a shimmering, fragrant, moonlight night. The bullfrogs were singing on the banks, and the notes of "Way down upon the Suwanee river," floated down from a hotel where a troupe of minstrels were singing.

Dora sat in the boat looking at Bubbles and smiling. In the moonlight she was bewitching. It was too much for Bubbles. When they had returned to the hotel and Bubbles was on the way to his room he met Crane.

"I have gone and done it!" said Bubbles.
"Ah, I congratulate you, my dear boy," replied Crane. "And you will let me dine with you every Sunday later, will you not?"
"She has made one condition. I must immediately give up my position on the newspaper. I am to look for something quieter on a magazine, or whatever suits me. She says I need not hurry, as we are independent."

"Splendid! And you agreed?"
"Yes, that I did. What was I to do?"
Soon the three returned to the city. Bubbles resigned his position, to the disappointment of his employer.

"However," said the business manager of the Steam Whistle, "if you ever alter your decision, you will be welcomed by us. Hope you will enjoy your honeymoon."

So they parted.
Dora was radiant. She became ardent. When she embraced Bubbles he gasped for air.

"Oh, I love you better every day, Bobby, dear," said Dora one Sunday afternoon, when they were sitting on the sofa.

And Bubbles asked himself anxiously what would become of him if that were only the beginning of her love. Would he not burn to ashes?

Just as the ardent Dora prepared for another embrace the sharp gong of the fire engine sounded in the street. Bubbles picked up his ears.

"Fire!" he said, tearing himself away from Dora and rushing to the window and looking out. "It seems to be the hotel opposite. I must go. Will return soon."

With that he gave Dora a hasty kiss and stormed down the stairs. "Being engaged to an ex-reporter has its drawbacks," sighed Dora. "It is always cropping out somewhere."

After two hours Bubbles was back. It had been splendid, this fire—eight persons burned, \$15,000 damage. One could see how he had enjoyed it. Dora hoped he would soon give this up, but it did not happen soon.

On a lovely afternoon late in the summer they were sitting happily in the little casino in the park. A sudden clatter of horses' hoofs sounded on the driveway. Then the signal whistle of a policeman.

In a moment two fiery steeds harnessed to an elegant carriage tore past. The coachman on the box was pale as death. In the carriage sat two fine ladies clutching the sides in sheer fright. A mounted policeman followed.

"There is an accident; excuse me for five minutes, my dear."

And Bubbles hailed a hansom, sprang in and pursued the runaway. A full hour poor Dora was obliged to sit and wait, her love for Bobby abating by degrees. At last he came, beaming.

"All in pieces!" he cried, out of breath. "Ran into a loaded van. One dead, three badly wounded. Policeman fell from his horse, skull smashed. Great!"

He seated himself, ordered a brandy to brace him, and related all the details. Dora reproached him.

"Oh, dear child," he laughed, "that is born in me. It is as if a hare ran past an old hunter. I will improve with time."

One evening they were on their way to the theater. All at once the cry was heard: "Stop thief! Stop thief!" and a man shot past as quick as an arrow, pursued by policemen and others.

"Here is your ticket. I will come soon," said Bubbles.

He pressed it into her hand, and, like one possessed, yelling: "Stop thief!" rushed off before Dora realized what had occurred.

"That is too crazy," said she to herself.

In the entrance she waited, but as no Bobby appeared she betook herself angrily to her seat. Only at the beginning of the last act did he arrive.

"Forgive me," he whispered, as he let himself sink into the soft cushioned seat. "Wonderful story. Great diamond robbery. The fellow—"

"S-st!" sounded from those near by, as they scowled at Bubbles.

"—Broke in through the cellar. Three neckties every—"

"S-st! S-st!"

"—\$5,000 worth. Tell you later."

Dora nudged him and he was silent. After the performance, when they were in a restaurant, she gave him a sound scolding. He promised to do better, and drank four glasses of beer to his improvement. But that was no easy matter to bring about. He was indeed hopeless.

Dora lost all pleasure in her engagement. She always feared that a fire alarm or an ambulance might destroy a kiss or an embrace and cause Bubbles to flee. Every day she grew more nervous, and when on her birthday Bubbles came three hours late to a cold dinner because he had been present at a great fight on the west side of the city, her decision was made. The day after, Bubbles received a letter from Dora which said:

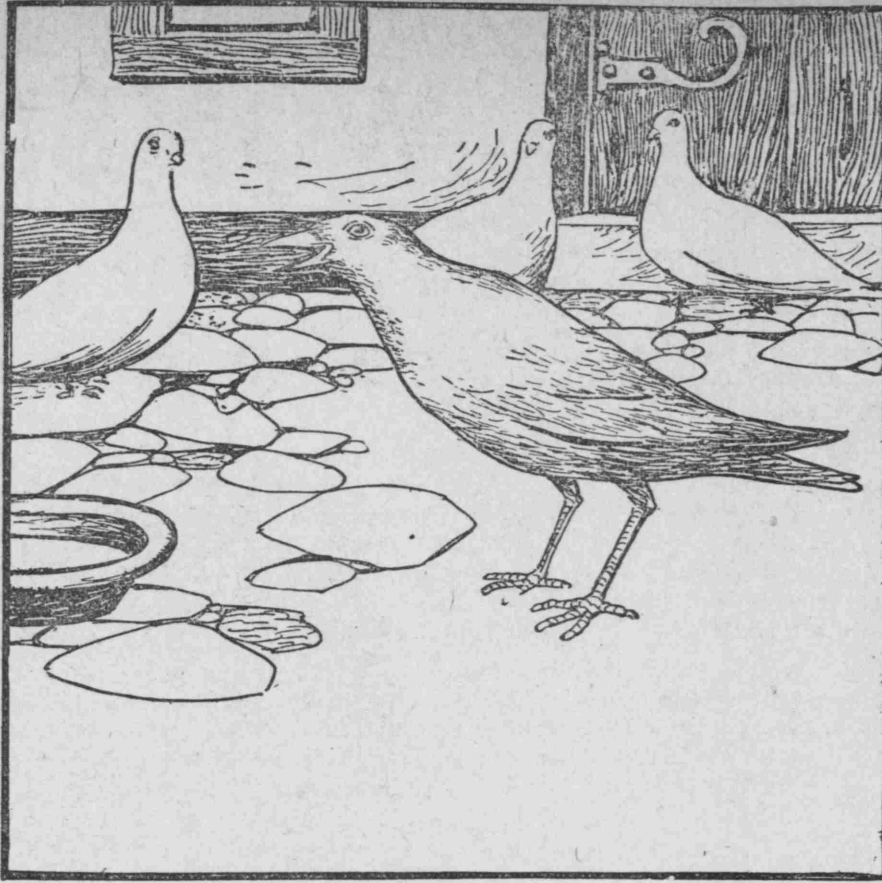
"Sir: You are without doubt just as excellent a reporter as you are totally unfit for an engaged man. Return to the Daily Steam Whistle. That is your wife."

When Bubbles read the letter he scratched his red head and said: "Poor Dora! But she is right. I am no good as a fiancé. If I had only not gone with Crane to Mamaronegg! That poetical donkey got me into it."

Then his friend Bubbles returned to the Steam Whistle and wrote a humorous article: "What It Is to Be Engaged," while Dora began a new necktie. Translated from the German.

Would Do Away with Heroes.
A gentleman who resides in Switzerland announces that he has invented an electrical contrivance which will kill off an army at a single shock. It won't do, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Where would the heroes come in?

THE JACKDAW AND THE PIGEONS.



Find a Hidden Pigeon.

A Jackdaw, seeing how well some Pigeons in a certain dovecot fed, and how happily they lived together, wished much to join them. With this view he whitened his feathers and slipped in one evening just as it was getting dark. As long as he kept quiet he escaped notice; but growing bolder by degrees, and feeling very jolly in his new quarters, he burst into a hearty laugh. His voice betrayed him. The Pigeons set upon him and drove him out. When he would afterwards have joined the Jackdaws again, his discolored feathers and his battered state drew attention to him; and his former mates, finding out what he had been at, would let him have no further part with them.

MORAL.—The pretending to be of principles which we are not, either out of fear, or any prospect of advantage, is a very base, vile thing, and whoever is guilty of it deserves to meet with ill treatment from all sorts and conditions of men.

SNOWFLAKE PICTURES.

The Crystals as They Fall Sometimes Form Themselves Into Wonderful Designs.

Jack Frost is an artist of remarkable talent. Not only does he draw figures of rare beauty upon the window panes, but he fashions the snowflakes into fantastic but always beautiful forms. A number of students have made detailed investigations of their extraordinary form and have published drawings of what they look like when magnified, but the most remarkable collection of actual photographs of those crystals (technically photomicrographs) is in the possession of Wilson A. Bentley, of Jericho, Vt. Mr. Bentley has been making a special study of snow crystals during 20 years. He has photographed many hundreds of them and has now in his collection more than 1,000 photomicrographs, no two of which are alike.

The forms vary according to the wind, the height of the clouds, the degree of cold, the amount of water in the air, etc.

Those formed in moderate weather and light winds or in low clouds are apt to have frail branches and to be of a feathery type; mixed forms grow partly in low and partly in high clouds. High winds give broken and irregular forms, and much moisture the very granular crystals.

Heavy granular covered crystals are peculiarly a product of the lower or intermediate cloud strata, and especially of moist snowstorms. In intense cold they are rare, while the columnar and solid tubular then become common.

About four-fifths of the perfect forms occur within the west and north quadrants of great storms.

The most common forms outlined within the nuclear or central portions of the crystals are a simple star of six rays, a solid hexagon and a circle. The subsequent additions assume a bewildering variety of shapes, each of which usually differs widely from the one that preceded it and from the primitive nuclear form at its center. By bearing in mind the fact that crystals evolved within the upper clouds tend toward solidity and the crystals formed in lower clouds tend toward open branches and feathery forms it is possible to trace the history and travels of a great many of the crystals.

Moon's Apparent Size.

As seen by different persons, the size of the moon varies from that of a cart wheel to a silver dollar. To many it seems about a foot in diameter, from which Prof. Young concludes that to the average man the distance of the surface of the sky is about 110 feet. It is certain that artists usually represent the moon much too large in size in their paintings. Occasionally they represent it in evening scenes with the horns turned downward instead of upward, whereas they must always point away from the sun. The true angular size of the moon is about half a degree, so that it can always be concealed behind a leadpencil held at arm's length.

Something New.

Hicks—Going to celebrate your wooden wedding, are you?
Wicks—Yes.
"Well, I guess I'll have to celebrate my wouldn't wedding. It was just five years ago that that girl from Chicago said she wouldn't marry me."—Somerville Journal.

In Protest.

Uppardson—Statistics show that nearly 7,000,000,000 cigars were consumed in this country last year.

Atom—If many of them were like the one you're smoking I don't wonder that the people on Mars seem to be making signals at us.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Inquiry.

"A brilliant—aw—idea struck me laws evening, doncher know," said young Sayhead.

"So?" queried Miss Cutting. "And did it have a fender on it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JACK RABBIT IN CANS.

Unlimited Supply of the Meat in Oregon and It Is Obtained by the Drive System.

The experiment of canning wild jack rabbits has not proved a great pecuniary success, and the prospects before a cannery at Echo, Ore., which has facilities for preserving a ton of the rabbits a day, are not especially good. It was thought by the promoters of the enterprise, says a Seattle report, that the public would jump at the chance to feast on this delicacy, but the reverse has been true, as the taste seems to be an acquired one.

Rabbits in the vicinity of Echo and in certain parts of central Washington are wonderfully plenty. Thousands are found in beating up a tract a mile square. It was while sitting on the lonely station platform at Echo and seeing the high ears of the jacks bobbing up all about him in the sage brush that a telegraph operator and station agent conceived the idea of canning a few hundred thousand for the market. He knew the supply would be plentiful.

He infused some of his enthusiasm into his fellow townsmen at Echo, and a stock company was formed to can the jacks. Almost a year was spent in preparation, and when the establishment was opened recently orders for 30,000 pounds awaited the rabbit hunters and the canning machines. A big rabbit drive was had as a starter, and 2,500 rabbits were captured.

At Seattle big orders were placed, but they were not followed by more orders, and except for the annual rabbit drives the chances for longevity among the jacks have greatly increased. The east does not seem to have taken more kindly to the canned product than the west.

Two big drives were held on New Year's day, one in the Butter Creek district and the other in the vicinity of Connel, and men, women and children flocked to both places from all the neighboring towns.

The general public attending these drives are not allowed to carry guns. Each person is armed with a club. A wide territory is surrounded, and all start toward the center, yelling and making all the noise possible, and driving the rabbits ahead. In the two drives, thousands of jack rabbits and cotton-tails were despatched.

Problem Before a Court.

During the severe earthquake in Guatemala, April 19, 1902, a certain block of buildings was destroyed. It was insured against fire, but not, as was stipulated in the policy, against fire occasioned by an earthquake, and in this case the fire which destroyed the buildings and the shock were almost simultaneous. The owners of the property claimed that its destruction was caused by the overthrowing of a lamp immediately before the earth tremors, and thus in the end the legal decision was made to hinge on the exact time when various cities on the line of movement were wrecked. Timing an earthquake by a court decision is a novelty.

Certainly.

"How silly this talk is," remarked Miss Innocents, "about 'harnessing the Ohio river.' How could they even start to do that?"

"Why," replied Miss Wisegirl, "they could begin by putting rails on it, couldn't they?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Squeezed.

Visitor—This little pig went to market—
Boston Baby—Madam, I am not interested in the stock yards.—N. Y. Sun.

Willing to Prove It.
Mistress—Are you a good cook?
Applicant—Indeed, I am! Just give me a can of soup and see how well I warm it up.—Somerville Journal.

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It has just been announced from the general office of the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway that they now have in service on their night trains between Louisville and St. Louis, Free Reclining Chair Cars, which have just been received from the shops and are a revelation in the car builder's art.

The cars are strictly up-to-date, first-class "palaces of travel" on wheels, and this is only one of the many surprises which are promised the public for the World's Fair travel by the Henderson Route.

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